

Boston Weekly Globe.

TUESDAY, JAN. 13, 1885.



A DETAILED

AND

COMPLETE HISTORY

OF THE

DEMOCRATIC
ADMINISTRATION

WILL BEGIN IN

THE WEEKLY GLOBE

With the Inauguration of

GROVER CLEVELAND

Arrangements have been completed by which the *Globe* will be able to give the *Fullest and best Reports* of the Cleveland Administration that will be published. The Doings of the Cabinet and of Congress, and Personal Intelligence about the President and the Democratic Leaders will be given every week, beginning March 4.

No Democrat will be posted unless he reads *The Globe*. Subscribe for *The Globe*, and read everything that is said or done in Washington. Save every copy of *The Globe*, beginning with March 4.

A GREAT FRENCH NOVELIST

is the author of the next story to be published in *THE GLOBE*. "How Marriages are Made in Paris; or, The Twin Brothers of the Hotel Cornille," was written by the famous Edmond About expressly for *THE GLOBE*. It represents the highest art in French fiction, and alone is worth the yearly subscription price.

THE BEST FOR FARMERS.

Arrangements which will make *THE GLOBE* agricultural department of more practical value than ever before are nearly completed. It will contain papers founded upon the experience of its contributors and judiciously selected to meet the needs of all its readers. It will have no fanciful ideas or pet hobby, but whatever it may say will be characterized by sound common sense and sure practicability. Letters from readers, with questions to be answered, particularly those relating to plant analysis, and the fertilization of the soil, and letters giving the experience of subscribers in cultivation are respectfully solicited.

HOW TO REMIT, ETC.

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Every notice to discontinued should give the town, county and State to which the paper is being sent.

All copies lost in the mail will be duplicated free of expense.

When postage stamps are sent they should not be registered.

All exchange newspapers and magazines should be addressed simply, "Lock Drawer 5220, Boston, Mass."

Sample copies are free.

Mr. JULIUS CATLIN of Hartford figures out the fact that it has cost him in what he has actually spent, and interest on this sum, \$200,000 for cigars during his 83 years of life. He began to smoke at 16, and still continues the practice.

Arkansas, Colorado, Connecticut, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Michigan, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, New York, North Carolina and West Virginia change their governors this month. In Colorado, Connecticut and Kansas Democrats are succeeded by Republicans, while in Indiana the order is reversed.

J. TAYLOR, a resident of the Province of Ontario, has lately been out hunting among the Collingwood mountains, and returned with his pocket full of gold pebbles as big as hen's eggs; and now all the men in that vicinity have developed into Nimrods, and go hunting every day. A man will save a week to earn a dollar that he could earn in half a day. If recreation were compulsory it would be considered the hardest kind of work.

ULYSSES S. GRANT, JR., has lately been unbending himself regarding that little financial venture he made under the direction of Mr. FERNAND WARD. It seems that in a sudden burst of confidence WARD took him to a safety deposit vault and showed him a big iron box crammed to bursting with notes and securities. WARD carefully replaced the box, and leading the youthful ULYSSES aside assured him that it contained a round million and a half. Thereafter he did his utmost to cultivate the acquaintance of this wealthy friend and succeeded so well that WARD

soon had the control of all the GRANT property. When the crash came WARD had another confidential spasm, and confessed himself to be a thief and a rascal. The fact was patent to ULYSSES, and it did not affect him seriously. Confessions were getting stale and commonplace and he could dispense with a great deal of it for a little restitution.

THE FIGHT AT ALBANY.

The New York Legislature, which has been in session for several days, is largely Republican, and will next week choose as a successor to Senator LAPHAM the nominee of the majority party's caucus. Senator LAPHAM is the hollow old gentleman from upper New York who slipped into CONKLIN's chair in 1881, after the big men had exhausted themselves in the race for the honor.

There are two avowed candidates for the preference of the caucus, and an assorted lot of dark horses. It looked for a while as if President ARTHUR would enter the contest, but as soon as its rough-and-tumble character was foreseen his fine sense of the dignity attaching to his place led him to imperatively forbid the use of his name. This left WILLIAM M. EVARTS, HAYES' secretary of state, and LEVI P. MORTON, present minister to France, in the fight.

Neither of these aspirants in himself excites the offical feeling, and the dividing line between Half-breeds and Stalwarts is somewhat obliterated for the time being. Undoubtedly a large majority of the people prefer Mr. EVARTS to Mr. MORTON, but the shrewdest politicians are with the latter and his immense money-bags, and many a senator has been made within the four walls of the Delavan Hotel in Albany.

As between the two, Mr. MORTON is leading just now, and the best chance to defeat him seems to be to introduce a dark horse with several white spots.

The President might be ushered into the contest at an opportune moment, and win without a scratch. We believe he would be taken up at once and elected, if the legislators at Albany were more susceptible to the touch of public opinion.

In no way except financially is Mr. MORTON to be compared with Mr. EVARTS, but the weight of the former's gold equals the physical weight of the latter with his stovepipe hat and blanket-like overcoat thrown in.

Congressman FRANCIS HISCOOK of Syracuse is a possibility, and would be a vast improvement over either of the present New York senators.

The New York Sun has been in the throes of a JOSEPH H. CHOATE boom for several days, but the cat can be relied upon to jump another day this week. The caucuses will meet on Wednesday or Thursday.

DREAMS OF SUMMER TIME.

A few crystals of thought and gems of reportorial observation have been waited to *THE GLOBE* office of late. They are so full of the prismatic beauties of rural life and have such a glow of summer bloom beyond the seas that their reproduction at this date seems very appropriate.

A man walked into a Salem newspaper office, January 9, wearing a full-blown dandelion in his button-hole, which he had just picked on his lawn. His family had greens for dinner.

Two Worcester school girls went into the woods Friday, and found a white-throated sparrow sitting on a nest under a wake robin in full bloom. They returned wearing crowns of trailing arbutus.

Striped squirrels were scampering over the orchard walls, and crows were caressing among the newly turned furrows in a field near Haverhill, January 5.

An enterprising woodchuck went out on a hillside in Wrentham, Wednesday, and began to dig a new hole in a freshly settled clover patch. The farmer who reported this occurrence came in to supper with an active grasshopper crawling on his coat.

Hundreds of large battles have been fought since as thousands were before, and people only know of them by name. Why should this one be remembered and all the rest forgotten? Because the American commander at that fight showed to the people what kind of stuff was in him; because he forgot danger, fear, everything but the fact that the success of that day and of the cause of his country depended upon his fighting on to the end. He fought and won, and from that time on to the hour of his death ANDREW JACKSON was the foremost man in all the land. The same obstinate fidelity to right marked his subsequent career, proving that a man who is great at a critical moment is always great.

Out of respect to the day on which ANDREW JACKSON was born to fame, as well as in honor of his career as a statesman and chief magistrate, the Democrats of New England celebrated the event the pair waddled off to an adjoining seat at PARKER's that was probably the largest political banquet ever given in Boston.

Crocodiles were painting the lawn borders with pale blue and yellow in Waltham Tuesday, and snowdrops were blooming in a dozen different gardens.

Asters and golden rods had not ceased to bloom under sheltered hillsides in Medford, January 9.

Mrs. MALONE's goose of Springfield laid the first egg of her spring litter early Tuesday morning. After congratulating the gander over the event the pair waddled off to an adjoining seat at PARKER's that was probably the largest political banquet ever given in Boston.

Every among them talked and acted as if the principles for which "Old Hickory" fought had won their latest, grandest triumph in the election of GROVER CLEVELAND.

GENERAL GRANT'S MANHOOD.

In feeble health and at an age when most men think of quitting work, General GRANT has written a letter declining financial aid, and is pushing his book of memoirs on to an early completion.

It was many conduct like that which first endeared him to the people, by whom he is still loved. II, at the close of his public career, he had retired on the comfortable fortune he had, or even gone to raising double-yolked eggs after the manner of his successor, people would have liked him none the less, and he would have been spared from the scandal which his unscrupulous friends have brought upon him.

All through the eight years of his administration, which was rank with jobs and corruption, as well as in his later and still more humiliating adventures in Wall street, no man has charged him with dishonesty. Then, as now, it was the parasites and disinterestedness of the Crescent City's censors can reasonably be doubted, since they are invariably either flitting newspaper correspondents or disgruntled applicants for display space. Some aid was lent these growers by the attacks in Congress of a wild-eyed rebel hater from Illinois and the temporary disagreement between two subordinate officers of the fair. There is not the slightest trustworthy evidence that the people of New Orleans have entered into a conspiracy to hoodwink their countrymen or any indication of the project being a failure. The faring opening took place more than three weeks ago, and a good deal of carpeaking remains to be done, it is true enough, but this is simply a repetition of the history of all similar undertakings, and was fully discounted at the outset by experienced and well-informed people everywhere. As early day was appointed for the opening, expressly for the purpose of getting things to rights in time for the beginning of the Louisiana spring, and the impounding of visitors, who were not expected in considerable numbers before the departure of the cloudy and rainy season, which is just now ending. The spring weather which succeeds this is the best of the year, with its sunny sky, mild breezes and equable temperature. This season,

beginning about this time, continues uninterrupted until the latter part of March, when the weather becomes warmer with each day, but rarely positively uncomfortable before the first of June.

With its thoroughly national, historic and patriotic character, the managers of the Centennial exposition, after a dozen years of preparation, laid themselves liable to this same criticism, and so it has been and will be with all such monster enterprises which necessarily rely upon the wits and diligence of thousands. Above all things, this praiseworthy effort of a stricken and weinriched disheartened people to reopen commercial relations and renew acquaintance with their countrymen of the North, from whom they have been so long estranged, as well as to direct the attention of Spanish Americans to the advantages to be gained by closer trading relations with their English-speaking neighbors, should not be the object of careless criticism and the jibes of Bourbon partisans. The managers have carried on their work in the broadest spirit, and with a view to avoiding everything which might detract from its national or international character. Northern men and women have been called to assist them in the conduct of the exposition, and \$50,000 has been placed at the command of a representative negro with which to encourage a fair exhibit of the results to his race of twenty years of freedom.

There will be no failure. The only hitch worthy of mention is caused by the spontaneous growth of the fair so far beyond all expectation, and there is already more to be seen than its projectors hoped for a month ago under more favorable circumstances and with more time. The latest complaint was not that the exhibitors were failing to appear, but that thirty-seven caravans of exhibits stood in the grounds unloaded when night came. Nearly every department will be in perfect order by February 1, when there will still remain four months before the closing of the doors. On February 10 the cotton growers of the world will assemble in convention in New Orleans, and President ARTHUR will visit the city.

Let us hear no more ignorant and unjust dis-

paragements of the trial boom of this hospitable and generous people, and may all the Yankees who can afford it journey in the warm South land and view the rebel and the negro in their own vine-hidden mansions and cabins.

And perchance it may be discovered that they are even as we are.

HONORING OLD HICKORY.

A little military event that happened in New Orleans seventy years ago Thursday had considerable to do with changing the history of this country. It was a battle that was fought at the close of the war of 1812, or, as warfare is conducted nowadays, it was nothing but a good sized skirmish. Very near where the mammoth exposition buildings now stand, a few thousand Americans stood behind piles of cotton and peppered muskets until the red coats turned and fled.

Hundreds of large battles have been fought

in the court rooms fighting for what she claimed were her rights, MYRA CLARK GAINES finished a long and solely vexed existence at New Orleans Thursday night. From girlhood until death her life has been sustained with the hope that she should one day come into possession of a large portion of the Crescent City, basing her claim on the statement that she was the lineal heir to one DANIEL CLARK, an ancestor who, at his death, owned much of the land where the city now stands. Her career has no equal in history and stands her in the light of a heroine.

How the stalwarts, the partisans, the straightforwards will weep when they hear that the original BILLY man bolted! "Withdraw from the causes," solemnly exclaimed, and, miraculously, the cause did not die.

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PRINCESS THURNELDA;

OR,

THE OLD DANE'S SECRET.

BY HARRY W. FRENCH.

(Copyrighted December, 1834, by Harry W. French.)

CHAPTER XVII.

AN UNINVITED GUEST.

Early the next morning Father Charolvitz was in his study, built like a dove-cote at one end of the little church. A bright light shone through the window, and it was growing weary for want of attention. Books lay upon the table. There was paper and pen and ink at hand, and the paper was covered with writing.

A knock sounded on the door. It was a relief from the monotony of thinking. A farmer, from some distance off the village, appeared to ask the good reverend father's advice on several important subjects, where, otherwise, he might have been a very doubtful ally of the doubtful Dane, after the scene he had witnessed.

"We've not much money, you know, father," said the man.

"That does not matter," replied the priest kindly. "I shall be there at 3 this afternoon."

He shut the door, and the man went in.

The man was something like sermons was coming into the land, and such original men as Heinrich Charolvitz were very ready to add vant-

garde. There was another rap, and a girl of 19 entered. She left her wooden shoes, half filled with straw, by the door, and taking a basket from her apron, where it hung, she went to sit in the corner by the fire. Down in the depths of it was a baby, snugly tucked away.

"Mother said I could come running to you now, and say what I knew that I knew that tonight the man would come and that we had not enough, with what we've paid the doctor, for the rent. So when she sent me out with baby, I just came."

There was not a child in Faleneburg who would run to Father Charolvitz, if danger were about him.

"Why did not you come yesterday?" he asked.

"So did I, father," the girl replied; "but as I crossed the bridge down by the park a great man in a coat and a wide-brimmed hat, and, without a word, ran across in front of me, I did not dare to stop, and ran on, and called out to him, 'Good evening, sir!'

"'Good evening,' she murmured, as she took the money, kissed the priest's hand, and, shoulder-

ing the baby, went her way.

"The priest was at the moment in the girl's room, and the girl, who was muffled up in a blue cloak, blushed.

"What did you say, father?" she asked.

"I said that had come to you for you to use your room, and enough money for you to go to the doctor for a month, though I hope you will not need one so long. Our good lady sent to you from the King of Poland."

"Good evening," she murmured, as she took the money, kissed the priest's hand, and, shoulder-

ing the baby, went her way.

"She is the princess," he said.

"How slowly, in fact—he repeated the

word, as though it were the fear of the Lord.

"Are riches and honor and life."

"Thorns and snare are in the way of the froward. But the good are in the way of the wise."

It was a doubtful warfare between the flesh and the spirit, and was far from ended when night had come again, and the little castle was but a dim dark, shadowy spot in the sky. A faint groan, shaming the conservatory, that summer night, shielding it in the winter, did not burn the lake beyond it, a pair of thin, pale black, broken only by a occasional reflection, which it shone upon, shimmered white or yellow through the clouds, or a silver lining marking one of the heavy drifts, where the old fountain still, was reflected there.

Father Charolvitz went to his chamber, where the winter bed, in foot in a thick fur cloak, with the cowl drawn over his square black hat.

He had forced a window open a crack, and fastened it there. Close beside him a tabard had been placed, inside, with cups and chairs. Where they were, none, doubt, after dinner, to drink coffee.

They came at last; the princess first, with that haughty, imperious step, that made the old mistress of Falcon Rock, costly embroidery clinching like snow to her figure. Diamonds flashed over her neck and hands, and a smile such as had rarely appeared on her face, though she was the most dazzling of the beauty of her dark eyes. She was practising, and in truth she rather enjoyed it. It was pleasant to gain a victory, were only over the Duke. She had by this experience to gain the victory she longed for.

Behind her came Albrecht von Bremen. He was happy, too, it was a pleasant thing to him to gain a victory.

"I am happy again—very happy," he said, as they seated themselves. "Happy that I have re-gained my sister."

"As how long will it last, do you think?" she asked, laughing. "I gave you once my little heart, you threw it away, and for the love of me, I have given it back. Then you asked me for it, and because I would not give it back you were angry. This time you ask for friendship, and I give you that. How do you feel?"

"The Duke interrupted her. "Al my anger and ingratitude are gone. Pei-lente remains all alone."

"Very well."

What it was that he thought? Was it a fancy? It sounded real, and the Duke, looking out of the window beside her? She turned it, and discovered that it was open a crack. She attempted to shut it. It would not move. The Duke, however, had not noticed it, and because he was not afraid of the flowers was heavy. Fresh air would be a delight.

"I have something to tell you," said the Duke.

"What is it?"

"You will not believe it."

"How shall you know if I speak truly?"

"I shall see it in your eyes."

The Duke eyes met. What was more natural? The Duke had seen them that day in the sun. He had often used it to advantage. The princess felt it. She had felt it once years before. She shuddered. She felt herself absorbed, her strength failing, and the Duke, who had been thrown away, all in that glance. She wished she had not looked at him. She wished she was not there. Her cheeks grew red. She was frightened. It was not the Duke. And she, too, was laughing. She could not tell why. She was not angry. She did not want to laugh. She did not want to help. The Duke, however, had been away again. He was satisfied that he had conducted himself.

"Before I tell you," said he, "give me a token that you will not be angry."

"I will not be angry."

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"I will not be angry."

"I will speak truly."

"How shall you know if I speak truly?"

"I shall see it in your eyes."

The Duke eyes met. What was more natural?

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